M R. JARR'S lodge gave a ball. Mr. Jarr was on the entertainment committee.

"I think they might have chosen more artistic badges," said Mrs. Jarr, as she gazed at the gold-fringed and lettered blue ribbon decoration Mr. Jarr was wearing on his manly chest.

"What's wrong with it? Looks pretty good to me," said Mr. Jarr, as he gazed upon it with pride.

"It's too gaudy, and it is too big, and that shade of blue fairly shrieks," said Mrs. Jarr.

"That's because I'm the big noise," said Mr. Jarr, complacently. "I'm chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, and everybody says this ball is the most successful one we've ever given."

They were sitting in a box and Mrs. Jarr's gaze roved over the dancing floor.

"Look!" she cried, excitedly.

"What at?" said Mr. Jarr.

"Look at that woman. Did you ever see such a figure?" said his good lady excitedly. "Why will women as fat as that wear plaid? Now, if she had any idea of how to dress for her dumpy shape she'd wear something with an up-and-down stripe, or at least plain color. And look at that woman dancing with that tall, stoop-shouldered man!"

"SHE is a peach!" said Mr. Jarr, admiringly.

"What!" exclaimed Mrs. Jarr. "Is that your idea of beauty. Well, it is plain to be seen how your tastes run! A bolder looking woman I never saw in my life. The rouge is on an inch thick, and her eyebrows are pencilled so heavy you can tell it from here. And her hair is four colors. Look, you can see it dark at the roots from here. If women WILL touch up their hair why don't they go to a good hair-dresser's and have it done?"

"Why, I think she's a natural blonde," said Mr. Jarr.

"With those eyebrows?" asked Mrs. Jarr. "They are as dark as mine! And look at those heels. It's a wonder the woman can walk, let alone dance."

"It must be Mr. Gote's wife. That's Gote, member of our lodge from Brooklyn, that's dancing with her," said Mr. Jarr.

"His wife!" sniffed Mrs. Jarr. "I dare say. I suppose you would have preferred if I had stayed home, like poor Mrs. Gote did, so you could have had a good time with some blonde?"

"Oh, come now, Emma," said Mr. Jarr, uneasily. "Let us have a good time. That's his wife, I feel sure. I only met the man once, but he seems a nice fellow."

"Oh, you are all nice fellows, I dare say," remarked Mrs. Jarr, freezingly.

"Great Scott! I never saw a woman like you!" growled Mr. Jarr. "You won't let yourself have a good time or any one else!"

"I'm not preventing you from enjoying yourself," said Mrs. Jarr. "If you think I am I'll go home. There's another blonde over there who seems lonely. Go and dance with her."

Mr. Jarr scowled and bit the fingers of his white gloves, but said nothing.

"Of course," continued Mrs. Jarr, "one cannot notice the presence of such people, but if the members of this lodge who have their wives here had any respect for their wives or themselves, which I don't believe they have, they'd order such people off the floor. Look, that Mr. Gote is bringing that awful woman here. If he tries to introduce her to me I'll"——

She was interrupted by Mr. Gote and the blond lady entering the box.

"Brother Jarr, I believe?" said Mr. Gote, affably. "Allow me to introduce Mrs. Gote."

"So glad to meet you," said Mrs. Jarr, sweetly. "My husband talks so much about his friend Mr. Gote that I seem to know you. Positively we must make our husbands run away while we have a nice chat!"

"Where'll we run to?" said Mr. Jarr, dubiously. He wanted to go, but was afraid to let on.

"Go and get a partner and dance," replied Mrs. Jarr. "He's getting so old and lazy," added Mrs. Jarr to the lady beside her, "that he should go home and go to bed."

"When I was young," said Mr. Jarr, "I'd walk ten miles to a dance, and now I won't dance if it's brought to me."

"A nice chairman you are," said Mrs. Jarr, with arch reproof, "sitting in the box here all evening! Here, you take Mrs. Gote out and dance this two-step, and if Mr. Gote"——

"With pleasure, I assure you!" murmured Mr. Gote.

On their way home in the carriage Mrs. Jarr was silent a long while, and then she remarked, acidly: "Well, I hope you are satisfied. You got acquainted with that woman and neglected me all the rest of the evening. Furthermore, I don't believe she was his wife. He was an atrocious dancer!"

Mr. Jarr only groaned.

"Ah," said Mrs. Jarr, "you can't deny it. Never ask me to go anywhere with you again to affront me!"

And she spent all the rest of the week telling her friends what a lovely time she had at the lodge ball.

THE NEW PLAYS

George Ade's "Marse Covington" A White Chip Play.

GEORGE ADE, with a clear eye to the eternal fitness of things, locates a gambling-house between a private residence and the Y. M. C. A. in his sketch of a broken-down sport, "Marse Covington," at Keith & Proctor's Fifth Avenue Theatre. Otherwise he treats one of our cherished institutions with more respect than he has shown politics and other forms of gambling—a reflection which prompts the question, Why has he not written a Wall Street tragedy?

But, to take another stack of chips, the modest, shrinking gambling-house is taken rather seriously by Indiana's pride and Chicago's boast. The chain is on the door, and the lookout's on the watch. Mr. Ade is quite correct as to detail. He may have discovered, when, from time to time, the keys of the city have been turned over to him, that there are certain doors which they can't unlock. And he evidently is of the opinion that a gambling-house is not to be taken as a joke.

All the jokes at the expense of the house are made by the proprietor, played by Mr. Ernest Carr in a manner calculated to make Mr. Jerome talk in his sleep. In telephoning directions for the benefit of fresh come-ons, he says:

"If they can't find the place, tell 'em to ask a policeman."

"Hurry up, sister," he says to the telephone girl, as he calls up 440—Tenderloin to ask about the welching possibilities of a Bird from Pittsburg whom he is plucking in the merry whirl of roulette. And now, if you don't mind, another question: Why is it that the stage plunger, as well as the stage "souse," almost invariably has his collar unbuttoned and his tie flying in the whirlwind of his absurd emotions? Mr. Stephen Maly, who gives Pittsburg color and Pittsburg money to the sketch, is no exception to this silly rule.

Mr. Ade saves his best card for the last. It is dealt when an old negro attendant, excellently acted by Mr. Gerald Griffin, opens the door at the command of Marse Covington, who, a few moments before, has been turned away by the unsentimental proprietor.

Capt. Covington B. Halliday, sah! is "a remnant of the old aristocracy," who has nothing but the non-negotiable dignity that he brought with him from the South. Uncle Dan, who was the slave of his father, honors and humors him, and sees that he is weak for want of food. The Southern down-and-outer swells only with pride and resents the kindly suggestions of his old servant. But Uncle Dan, after listening patiently to vague ramblings about "valuable mining properties," a "prospective 'establishment,'" and other impossibilities, takes a handful of bills that have been given him as tips and offers them to "Marse Covington" as conscience money. He tells him that years ago he robebd him of the amount, and when Capt. C. B. H. refuses to believe the story, the old darkey goes into details.

When he saw the shining gold piece lying on a table it kept saying "Take me! take me!" "Don't do it!" said his Sunday school voice. "But you know, Marse Covington, what chance a Sunday school voice has got in a nigger when thean's money 'round," adds Dan.

After this argument, the high-born Southern gent allows the faithful old servant to crowd the money on him, and with his dignity still working overtime he takes his departure.

(Merely to say that he leaves wouldn't be writing up to the part.)

Mr. Edward Connelly, whose extraordinary imitation of Mr. Frank Keenan as the sheriff in "The Squaw Man's Girl of the Golden West" put him second in the running with Miss Marie Dressler at Weber's last season, acts "Marse Covington" with a drawl and a dignity that would delight the soul of a Kentucky co'lonel. Too low a rank? Very well then, a general.

CHARLES DARNTON.

The Free Art Scholarships.

The winners of the three $200 Free Art Scholarships given to Evening World readers are:

Miss FANNIE M. TAYLOR, Fredericksburg, Va.

Miss EFFIE LINDSAY, 44 West One Hundred and Twenty-fourth street, N. Y.

JOSEPH E. RYAN, Main street, Wharton, N. J.

The winners will please report at the School of Practical Illustrating, No. 163 West Twenty-third street, New York City, as soon as convenient.

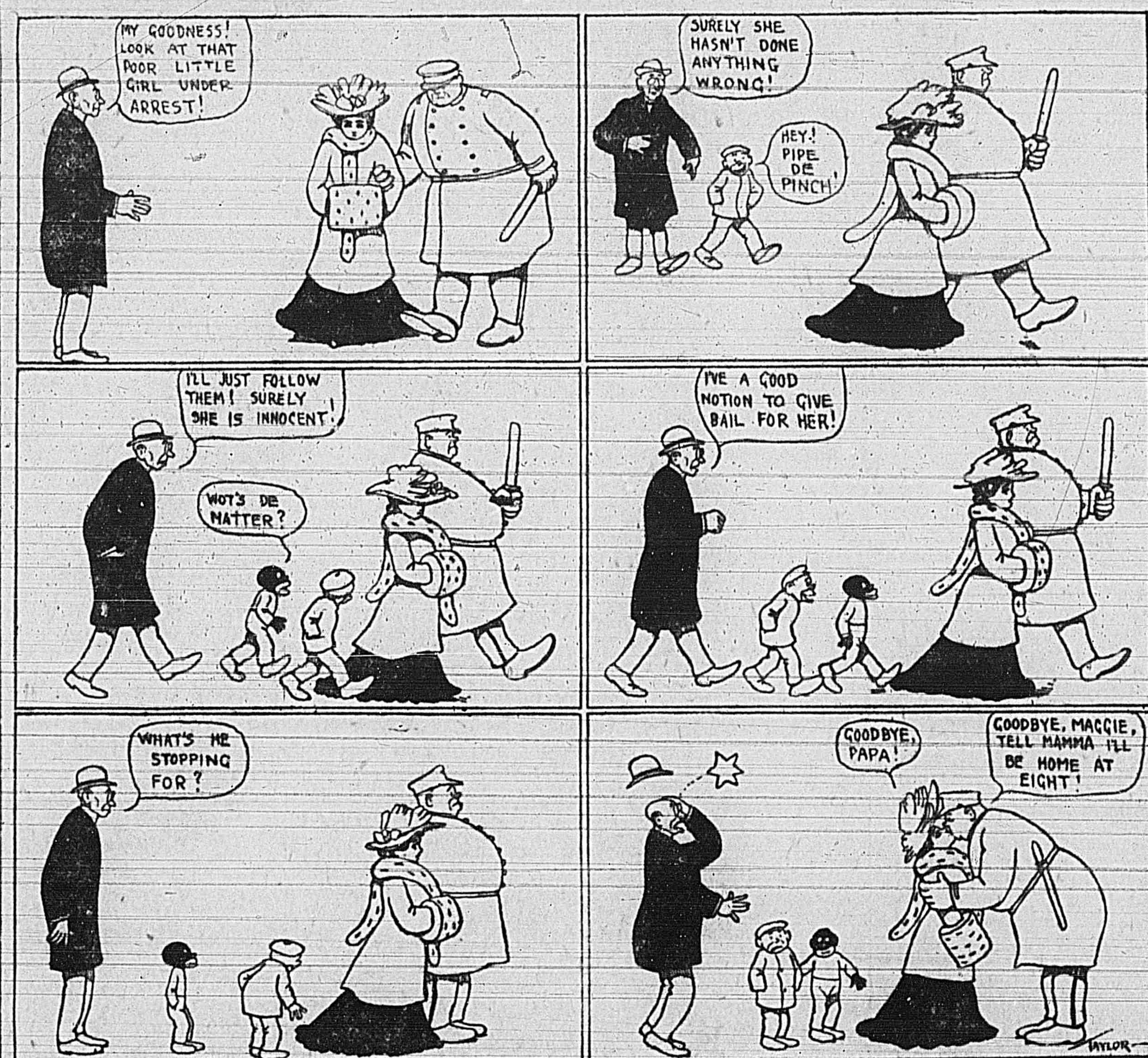
The judges regret the impossibility of awarding prizes to more of those who took part in the competition. The drawings submitted by many show much latent talent, although not reaching the required high standard.

Where Prices Are Highest.

PRICES are high in South Africa, and bills for laundry are frequently exorbitant. Persian, Kaffir and Cape women do the work after a fashion. "One usually pays £1 ($5) per month a head," says a woman correspondent, "and the woman who washes for you takes everything for that, but is apt

It's a Foolish World, After All!

By R. W. Taylor



BETTY VINCENT'S ADVICE to LOVERS

The Girl Who Talks Too Much.

THERE is a time in almost every girl's life when she likes to appear too sophisticated. Just when the boy begins to think it manly to swagger about and tell his open-mouthed companions that he "got drunk" last night, his sister thinks it proper to demonstrate her newly achieved grown-up state by assuming an all-wise air and talking about the scandals she reads in the newspapers. It is a passing phase, but one which is likely to do permanent harm. For there are always fools and low-brows in the world only too anxious to think the worst of everybody, and say it. A girl cannot be too careful of what she says. I don't mean that she must be slavishly afraid of the opinions of other people. So long as you live and talk up to your own standard of what is right, you need not worry. But often we say thoughtlessly in a moment what we may repent for days or weeks. Be satisfied with not knowing too much. You will get along a whole lot better.

No Answer to His Note.

Dear Betty:

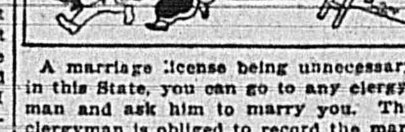
SOME time ago I sent a young lady a box of handkerchiefs for Christmas and she gave me a silk handkerchief. I also sent a New Year's card, and she sent me one. Over a week ago I wrote her a letter, asking if she would go to the theatre with me some evening, if her parents had no objection. As yet I have not received an answer to my letter. Do you think it proper for me to write to her asking if she received my letter or why she does not answer? She is over eighteen years of age. I do not see her often. J. F. M.

You might drop her a note, saying you take it for granted she has not received the letter, as no reply has been made, and repeating the invitation.

Would Marry Secretly.

Dear Betty:

HOW, when and where can a couple, both of age, get married unknown to their parents? Also, is it absolutely necessary to have a bridesmaid and best man act as witnesses, or if instead can the clergyman act as same? IMPATIENT.



A marriage license being unnecessary in this State, you can go to any clergyman and ask him to marry you. The clergyman is obliged to record the marriage within a month. Two witnesses are necessary, but may be members of the clergyman's household. Secret marriages are generally very inadvisable.

Asked Him to Marry.

Dear Betty:

I AM a young man eighteen years old and in love with a woman of twenty-eight. Last week she asked me to marry her. I refused, as I am only

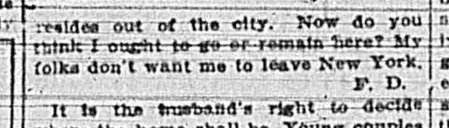
getting a salary of $9 a week; but with prospects of advancement. She thinks we could manage to live on that sum. Please advise me, as I love her very dearly. STATEN ISLAND.

You are too young and too poor to marry and you should not marry a woman so much older.

Would Live with Mother.

Dear Betty:

I AM a young married man and would like you to decide a question. I think I will be very unhappy if I don't do as my wife says. I am now living in New York with my mother. She wants to live with her mother, who



resides out of the city. Now do you think I ought to go or remain here? My folks don't want me to leave New York. F. D.

It is the husband's right to decide where the home shall be. Young couples stand a much greater chance of happiness if they do not reside with the parents of either, but have a home, no matter how small, by themselves.

Rip Van Winkle.

By Washington Irving.

(By Permission of George Munro's Sons.)

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALMENTS.

Rip Van Winkle, a lazy, good-natured, ne'er-do-weel, living in a Catskill village about the middle of the eighteenth century, has a shrewish wife who continually scolds and otherwise maltreats her idle husband. Rip strays far up the mountains, hunting squirrels, and there meets an oddly-dressed stranger carrying a keg. Rip accompanies him to a glen where he sees a group of men in antique Dutch costumes, playing nine-pins.

WHAT seemed particularly odd to Rip was that, though these folks were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were withal the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

As Rip and his companion approached them they suddenly desisted from their play and stared at him with such a fixed, statue-like gaze and such strange, uncouth, lack-lustre countenances that his heart turned within him and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into the large flagons and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling; they quaffed the liquor in profound silence and then returned to their game.

By degrees Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much of the flavor of excellent Hollands. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another, and he repeated his visits to the flagon so often that at length his senses were overpowered, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined and he fell into a deep sleep.

On waking he found himself on the green knoll from whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes; it was a bright, sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft and breasting the pure mountain breeze. "Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep. The strange man with the keg of liquor, the mountain ravine, the wild retreat among the rocks, the woebegone party at ninepins, the flagon. "Oh! that wicked flagon!" thought Rip, "what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?"

He looked round for his gun, but in place of the clean, well-oiled fowling-piece, he found an old firelock lying by him, the barrel incrusted with rust, the lock falling off and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roysterers of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and having dosed him with liquor had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening's gambol and if he met with any of the party to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk he found himself stiff in the joints and wanting in his usual activity. "These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip, "and if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of the rheumatism I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle." With some difficulty he got down into the glen; he found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening; but to his astonishment a mountain stream was now foaming down it, leaping from rock to rock and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He, however, made shift to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of birch, sassafras and witchhazel, and sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grapevines that twisted their coils and tendrils from tree to tree and spread a kind of network in his path.

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to the amphitheatre; but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high, impenetrable wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad, deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding forest. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand. He again called and whistled after his dog; he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in the air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice; and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done? The morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty firelock and, with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward.

As he approached the village he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and whenever they cast eyes upon him invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip, involuntarily, to do the same, when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long!

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered; it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors, strange faces at the windows, everything was strange. His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but a day before. There stood the Kaatskill Mountains, there ran the silver Hudson at a distance, there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been. Rip was sorely perplexed. "That flagon last night," thought he, "has addled my poor head sadly!"

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay; the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog, that looked like Wolf, was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed. "My very dog," sighed poor Rip, "has forgotten me!"

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn and apparently abandoned. This desolateness overcame all his connubial fears; he called loudly for his wife and children; the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence.

He now hurried forth and hastened to his old resort, the village inn, but it too was gone. A large, rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great, gaping windows, some of them broken and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted "The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle." Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there now was reared a tall, naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red nightcap, and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes. All this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe, but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a sceptre, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters "General Washington."

There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco smoke, instead of idle speeches; or Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean, bilious-looking fellow, with his pockets full of handbills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens, election, members of Congress, liberty, Bunker's Hill, heroes of Seventy-six, and other words that were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

(To Be Continued.)

In Noiseless New York

By George McManus

Take Rudyard Kipling Home With You.

EVERY ONE should be familiar with Rudyard Kipling's stories. The best of these are in the collection known as "Plain Tales from the Hills." They made the author's reputation. They are virile, brilliant, strikingly original, and are perhaps the most intensely interesting types of fiction ever written.

Here are brief outlines that will give readers some slight idea of the nature and excellence of one or two of these splendid stories:

"Miss Youghal's Sais."

The story of how Strickland, of the police, when the parents of the girl he loved refused him her hand, took advantage of his knowledge of native servant, and actually become the girl's "sais" or groom. He served her in that capacity nearly three months when his jealousy of an old general who was riding with Miss Youghal and tried to flirt with her betrayed him. The general was a kindly soul, and when the situation was made clear to him laughed, apologized, and later brought the romance to a happy ending.

"The Rescue of Pluffles."

A story of the famous Mrs. Hauksbee, perhaps the most interesting woman Kipling has created, and the Seven Weeks' War she declared on Mrs. Reiver, an unprincipled person, who had won the callow Pluffles from his allegiance to the girl he had engaged out to India. Mrs. Hauksbee and Mrs. Reiver were sworn enemies, but Mrs. Hauksbee had good impulses and Mrs. Reiver had not. How the better woman won in the struggle for possession of Pluffles and promptly scolded him and married him to the girl he was engaged to is a most fascinating and sparkling tale.

"The Taking of Lungtungpen."

Private Mulvaney, foremost of the three soldiers of the line made famous in the Kipling war stories, tells a wonderful yarn of twenty-five British "three-year-olds" and a "theorizing" lieutenant who forded a stream and, naked as they were born, took the Burmese town of Lungtungpen, half of them patrolling the streets of the captured city, while the other half "fell out" to find their clothes and dress.

"Venus Anno Domini."

The astonishing story of an Indian beauty whom age could not wither and with whom two generations of men fell in love—one of these, "Very Young Gayerson," so called to distinguish him from his father, "Young Gayerson." How the beauty cured the youth of his infatuation by introducing him to her nineteen-year-old daughter just back from England and by renewing an old flirtation with "Young Gayerson" makes very entertaining reading.

"Plain Tales from the Hills" will appear daily in The Evening World, beginning next Monday, Jan. 21. Do not miss one of them. You cannot afford to

May Manton's Daily Fashions.

EMPIRE coats are extremely becoming to the younger girls and are greatly in vogue. This one includes the double cape effect that is singularly becoming and effective and that gives it a certain air of distinction that is all its own. As illustrated it is made of dark blue broadcloth, stitched with silk and finished with collar and cuffs of velvet and with velvet buttons, but it can be utilized for almost every cloaking material. If made from velvet or velveteen or from broadcloth in any color it is an exceedingly handsome and dressy little wrap, while if made from cheviot or one of the popular mixtures it becomes adapted to school and everyday wear.

The quantity of material required for the medium size (ten years) is five and three-quarter yards of twenty-seven, five and one-half yards of forty-four, or three yards of fifty-two inches wide, with one-half yard of velvet.

Pattern No. 5567 is cut in sizes for girls of six, eight, ten and twelve years of age.

Girl's Empire Coat—Pattern No. 5567.

How to Obtain These Patterns	Call or send by mail to THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, No. 21 West Twenty-third street, New York. Send ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered. IMPORTANT—Write your name and address plainly, and always specify size wanted.